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MARRIE HILL . . MISSOURI

THE duke of Devonshire has entered his 82d year in capital health

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE has been asked to write a poem on the Prince Henry of Battenberg's latest baby.

HENRI MATTHIEU, 101 years old, one of Napoleon's veterans, died in a squalid New York tenement a few days ago.

MR PULYER, of Vineland, N. J., has eaten an egg every day for the last half century. Up to date he has pulverized 1,521 dozen.

On the ground of familiarity with

French, the British Minister and the

Parisian Minister at Washington are

getting quite chummy. SARA BERNHARDT, who has always smoked cigarettes, has now taken to mild cigars. She remains, as usual,

THE queen of England seldom drinks more than one small glass of wine at dinner, and afterwards takes a few drops of good Scotch whisky.

fond of newspaper puffs.

A sisten of the famous English jurist, Sir Charles Russell, is an abbess in California. She is said to be in every way the intellectual equal of her distinguished brother.

QUEEN VICTORIA sat for an hour or two in Hyde Park one day last week. and a correspondent who saw her says she looks red, small, profusely wrinkled, and not at all amiable.

THE attempt of Paris milliners to render the corn flower popular is reported to have failed, for the reason that the corn flower used to be the favorite flower of old Emperor William of Germany.

PRESIDENT HARRISON devotes about an hour a day to newspapers. He reads the editorial comments cut out for him by Elliah Halford, spends a few moments on the telegraphic news, and always looks over the base-ball scores.

Miss Belle Johnson, of Chicago has been engaged to sing in the choir of the East End Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg at a salary of \$2,000 a year. This is said to be the largest salary paid to a church singer in the United States.

In remembrance of her good work for Hindoo women a number of large photographs of Lady Dufferla, done on porcelain and handsomely framed, are being distributed by subscription to most of the hospitals in India, where they will be hung up in the wards.

CAPT. NATHANIEL II. FALKNER of Maine, although he has followed the sea steadily sixty years, for forty of which he has been captain, "never lost a man, never had a man die at sea, never lost a spar or sail, and never called upon the underwriters for a

Or miraculous escapes from death made by man this deserves to go on record: When the Cynthia and Polynesin collided in the St. Lawrence the other day James Low, the quartermaster of the Cynthia, was in his berth. and when the vessels closed for the second time after the momentary rebound he crept through the gao in his own vessel into that made in the Polynesin and thus saved his life.

DR. EMERSON, in his recently pub lished diary, relates this: "Henry Thoreau told me as we walked this af ternoon a good story about a boy who went to school with him (Wentworth), who resisted the schoolmaster's com mand that the children should bow to Dr. Heywood and other gentlemen as they went by. And when Dr. Heywood stood waiting, and cleared his throat with a 'hem!' Wentworth said: 'You need not hem, doctor, I shan't

JAMES PARVON, the historian, being asked his opinion of Jackson, in view of Bishop Potter's use of the phrase, "Jacksonian vulgarity," when charac terizing the manners of that time, said: "Andrew Jackson was one of the most majestic of men. He possessed a natural dignity and courtliness which never failed to impress any one who ever saw or met him, Louis Philippe declared Jackson was the most dignified man, the most thorough gentle man he had ever met."

THE Countess de la Torre, who used to make herself somewhat obnoxious with her tribe of cats in Kensington. is now sojourning at a small inn at Gerard's Cross with a flock of goats. The noble lady, clad positively after the fashion of a herdswoman, in a full cotton skirt and blouse bodice, roams the country with her four-footed friends, sometimes, it is said, even sleeping among them at night in truly pastoral fashion. She has not descrited her penchant for cats, of which she still keeps a large number.

Among John Bright's sinceres mourners in this country was Edward Finch, a mule-spinner, at Providence R. I. While a corporal in a British regiment Finch fell under the displeasure of a superior officer, a vindictive young sprig of nobility, who and sentenced to be flogged. Finch's wife hurried to London and told her to Bright, who used his influence the war department so succe that the soldier was release Mr. Bright furnished him of obtaining his discharge al his family came

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Bower of Tree Branches, Olive and Pine, Myrtle and Palm.

The Festal Time When People Go Fro Cities into Woods and Cut Branches

The subject of the Rev. Dr. T. De Witt Talmage's sermon on Sunday, at THE HABITONS, was "The Bower of Tree Branches." His text was Nehemiah viii., 16—"Go forth unto the mount and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle pranches, and palm branches and branches of thick trees to make booths," Following is the sermon: It seems as if Mount Olivet we're un-moored. The people have gone into the mountain and have cut off tree branches

and put them on their shoulders, and they come forth now into the streets of Jerusalem, and on the house-tops, and they twist these tree branches into arbors or booths. Then the people come forth from their comfortable homes and dwell for seven days in these booths or arbors. Why do they do that? Well, it is a great festal time. It is the feast of the tabernacle; and these people are going to celebrate the desert travel of their fathers and their deliverance from their troubles, the experience of their fathers when, traveling in the desert, they lived in booths on their way to the land of Canean. And so these booths also become highly suggestive—I will not say they are necessarily typical, but highly suggestive—of our march to-ward heaven and of the fact that we are only living temporarily here, as it were, Canann of eternal rest.

And what was said to the Jews literally may to-day be said figuratively to all this audience. Go forth into the moun-tain and fetch olive branches, and myrtle branches, and pain branches, and branches of thick trees to make trees to make booths. Yes, we are only here in a temporary residence. The merchant princes who used to live in Bowling Green, New York, have passed away and their residences are now the fields of cheap mer-

chants. Where are the men who fifty years ago owned New York? Passed on. There is no use in our driving our stakes too deep into the earth; we are on the march. The generations that have preceded us have gone so far on that we can not even hear the sound of their footsteps. They have gone over the hills and we are to follow them. But, blessed be God, we are not in this world left out of doors and unsheltered. There are gospel booths or gospel arbors in our souls are to be comforted Go forth unto the mountain and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and myrtle branches, and palm branches, and branches of thick trees, and build

Well, now we are today to construct a gospel arbor, or gospel booth; and how shall we construct it? Well, we must get all the tree branches and build Now, if we are today going to succeed in building this gospel arbor we must go under the mount of God's blessing and fetch the olive branches, and whatever else we must have we must have at least two olive branches—peace with God and peace with man. When I say peace with God I do not mean to repre-sent God as a bloody chieftain, having a grudge against us, but I do mean to affirm there is no more antagonism be tween a hound and a hare, between a hawk and a pullet, between elephant and swine, than there is hostility between holiness and sin. And if God is all holiness and we are all sin there must be a readjustment, there must be a treaty, there must be a stretching

forth of olive branches.

There is a great lawsuit going on now, which man is bringing against his maker. That lawsuit is now on the calendar. It is the human versus the divine; it is injunity versus the immaculate; it is weakness versus omn-potence. Man began it; God did not begin the lawsuit. We began it; we assaulted our maker, and the sooner we he finite attempts to overthrew the in finites and omnipotent-the sooner we

and it the better, nd it the better.

Ah, why do we want to have peace Christ? Why, brough our Lord Josus Christ? if we had gone on in ten thousand years of war against God we would not have captured so much as a sword or a cavalry stirrup, or twisted off one of the wheels of the chariot of omnipotence. But the moment we bring this olive branch God and all heaven come on our side. Peace through our Lord Jesus Christ; and no

other kind of peace is worth anything. But then we must have that olive branch, peace with man. Now it is very easy to get up a quarrel. There are gunpowder christians all around us, and one match of provocation will set them off. But, my brother don't you think you had better have your horns sawed off? Had you not better make an apology? When would this world be apology? When would this world be saved if Christ had not taken the first step? We were in the wrong, Christ was in the right—all right and forever right. And yet he took the first step. And instead of going and getting a knotty scourge with which to whip your antagonist, you bad better get up on the radiant mount where Christ suffered for his enemies, and just take an olive branch, not stripping off the soft, cool, fragrant leaves, but leaving them on, and then try on them that cospel switch. It won't hurt them, and t will save you. Peace with God; peace with man. If you can not take hose two doctrines you are no Chris-

Our hearts in Christain love; The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that above.

From sorrow, toll, and pain, And sin we shall be free; And perfect love and friendship reign Through all eternity.

But my text goes further. It says: Go up into the mountains and fetch olive branches and pine branches. Now, what was suggested by the pine branches? The pine tree is healthy; it is aromatic; it is evergreen. How often the physician says to his invalid pa-tients: "Go and have a breath of the pines! That will invigorate you." Why pines! That will invigorate you." Why do such thousands of people go south every year? It is not merely to get to a warmer climate, but to get to the in-

luence of the pine. I knew an aged man who had no capital of physical health. He had had all ases you could imagine: he did not eat enough to keep a child alive; he lived on a beverage of hosanuas. He was kept alive simply by the force of our holy religion. It gives a man such

one and disaster it is as good a religion as it is in the bright summer sunshine.
Well now, that is a practical truth.
For if I should go up and down these
aisles I would not find in this house fifty people who had had no trouble. But there are some of you who have especial trouble. God only knows what you go through with, Oh, how many bereavements how many poverties, how many persecutions, how many misrepresenta

And now, my brother, you have tried everything else, why don't you try this evergreen religion? It is just as good for you now as it was in the days of for you now as it was in the days of your prosperity; it is better for you. Perhaps some of you feel almost like Muckle Backie, the fisherman, who was chided one day because he kept on work-ing, although that very day he buried his child. They came to him, and said: "It is indecent for you to be mending that hoat when this afternoon you buried your child." And the fisherman looked up and said: "Sir, it is very easy for you gentlefolks to stay in the house with your handkerchiefs to your eyes in grief; but, sir, ought I to let the other ive children starve because one of them is drowned? No, sir; we mean work, we mean work, though our hearts beat like

Ah, the gold and silver, the honors the emoluments of this world are a poor solace for a perturbed spirit. You want something better than this world can something better than this world can give. A young prince, when the chil-dren came around to play with him, re-fused to play. He said: "I will play only with kings." And it might be sup-posed that you would throw away all other solace before this regal satisfac-tion this invarial lay. Yo who are tion, this imperial joy. Ye who are sons and daughters of the Lord almighty ought only to play with kings.

The hill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields Or walk the golden streets.

But my text takes a further step and ays, "Go into the mountain and fetch olive branches, and pine branches, and palm branches." Now the palm tree was very much honored by the ancients. It had 360 different uses. The fruit vas conserved, the sap was a beverage the stems were ground up for food for namels; the base of the leaves was turn al into hats and mats and baskets, and the leaves were carried in victo processions; and from the root to the top of the highest leaf there was usful-The tree grew eighty-five feet in ness. The tree grew eighty-five feet in height sometimes, and it spread broad leaves four and five yards long; it meant sefulness and it meant victory; useful ness for what it produced, victory be-cause it was brought into celebrations of triumph. And oh, how much we want the palm branches in the churches of Jesus Christ at this time! A creat many Christians don't amount to hing. You have to shove them out o he way when the Lord's chariots come dong.

The old maxim says: "Do not put ill your eggs into one basket," but I rave to tell you in this matter of re igion you had better give your all to God, and then get in yourself. "Oh," says some one, "my business is to sell silks and cloths." Well, then, my siks and cloths." Well, then, my brother, sell silks and cloths to the glory of God. And some one says: "My bus-iness is to raise corn and carrots." Then, my brother, raise corn and carrots to the glory of god. And some one says: "My business is to manufacture horse shoe nails." Then manufacture horse shoe nails to the glory of God. There is nothing for you to do that you ought to do but for the glory of God.

Usefulness is typified by the palm tree. Ah, we don't want in the church any more people that are merely weep sighing into the water ing willows. tanding and admiring long tashes in he glassy spring. No wild cherry, the glassy spring. No wild cherry, dropping bitter fruit. We want palm trees, holding something for God, some-thing for God, something for man. Ledyard, the great traveler brought before the Geographical S traveler, was of Great Britain and they wanted him to make some explorations in Africa, and they showed him all the perils and and after they had told him what Well, now, you want to be

wanted him to do in Africa they said to him: "Now, Ledyard, when are you ready to start?" He said: "Tomorrow morning." Well, now, you want to be earnest for Christ; you want to be useful in Christian service. When are you going to begin? Oh, that you have the decision to say: "Today, now!" Go now into the mount and gather the palm branches. But the palm branch also neant victory.

Oh, what a grand thing it is to have sin under foot and a wasted life behind our backs. "Blessed is he whose trans gression is forgiven and whose trans-gression is forgiven and whose sin is covered. "But," says the man, "I feel so sick and worn out with the ail-ments of life." You are going to be more than conqueror. "But, says the ments of life." You are going to be more than conqueror. "But, says the man, "I am so tempted, I am so pursued in life." You are going to be more than conqueror. "I, who have so many ailments and headaches, going to be more than conqueror?" Yes, unless you want to more than conqueror?" Yes, unless your are so self-conceited that you want to manage all the affairs of your life your-self, instead of letting God manage them. Do you want to drive and let God take a back seat? Oh, no, you say; I want God to be my leader. Well. then, you will be more than conqueror.

Don't you think we had better begin

now to celebrate the coming victory. In the old meeting-house at Summer ville my father used to lead the singing had the old-fashioned tuni fork, and he would strike it upon his knee, and then put the tuning-fork to his ear to catch the right pitch and start the hymn. But, friend, don't you think we had better be catching the pitch of the everlasting song the song of vic-tory when we shall be more than con-querers? Had we better not begin the rehearsal on earth? "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water; and God hall wipe away all tears from thei

City of Eternity, to thy bridal halls From this prison would I flee; Ah, glory! that's for you and me.

My text brings up one step further. It says, go forth into the mount and fetch olive branches, and paim branches, and myrtle branches, and paim branches, and branches of thick trees. Now, you know very well that a booth or arbor made of slight branches would not stand. The first blast of the tempest would prostrate it. So that the booth or arbor must have four stout roles to or arbor must have four stout poles to hold up the arbor or booth; and hence for the building of the arbor for this was kept alive simply by the force of our holy religion. It gives a man such peace, such quietness, such independence of circumstances, such holy equipoise. I mean that it is healthy if a man gets enough of it. Now, there are some people who get just enough religion to bother them, just enough religion to make them sick; but if a man take a full, deep inhalation of these pine branches of the gospel arbor he will find it buoyant, exuberant, undying, immortal health.

But this pine branch of my text also suggests the simple fact that it is an evergreen. What does this pine branch care for the snow on its brow? It is only a crown of glory. The winter can not freeze it out. And that is the characteristic of our holy religion; in the sharpest, coldest winter of misfort-

too, repented. And the people in the schoolhouse sat and ground their teeth in anger, and clinched their fists in indignation; but before he was through with his sermon they got down on their knees and cried for mercy while mercy could be found. Oh, it is a mighty gospel; not only an invitation but a warning; an omnipotent truth, stout branches of thick trees. Well, my friends, here is the olive branch of peace, here is the pine branch of evergrean gospel consolation, here the palm tree branch of usefulness and victory, and here are the stout branches of thick trees. The gospel arbor is done. The air is aromatic of heaven. The leaves rustle with the gladness of God. Come into the arbor. I went out at different times with a fowler to the mountains to catch too, repented. And the people in the with a fowler to the mountains to cate pigeons; and we made our booth, and we sat in that booth and watched for we sat in that booth and watched for the pigeons to come. And we found flocks in the sky, and after awhile they dropped into the net and we were suc-cessful. So I come now to the door of this gospel booth and I look out, I see flocks of souls flying bitter and flying

THREE ARTFUL THIEVES.

flocks of souls flying hither and flying thither. Oh, that they might come like clouds and as doves to the window. Come into the booth. Come into the

And a Peasant who was Systematically Plundered.

A peasant was conducting a goat to the city of Bagdad. He was mounted on a mule and the goat followed him with a bell suspended from his neck. "I shall sell these animals," said he to himself, "for thirty pieces of silver, and with this money I can purchase a new turban and a rich vestment of taffety, which I will tie with a sash of purple silk. The young damsels will then silk. The young damsels will then smile more favorably upon me and I shall be the finest man at the mosque." While the peasant was thus anticipat-ing in idea his future enjoyments, three artful rogues concerted a stratagem to plunder him of his present treasures. As he moved slowly along, one of them slipped off the bell from the neck of the goat, and fastening it without being perceived to the tail of the mule, carried away his booty. The man, hearing the sound of the bell, continued to muse without the least suspicion of the loss which he had sustained. Happening, however, a short while afterward, to turn about his head, he discovered, with grief and astonishment, that the animal was gone that constituted

considerable a part of his riches, and he inquired, with the utmost anxiety, after his goat of every traveler he met. The second rogue now accosted him, and said: "I have just seen in yonder field a man in great haste dragging along with him a goat." The peasan dismounted with precipitation, and requested the obliging stranger to hold the mule, that he might lose no time in overtaking the thief. He instantly began the pursuit, and having traversed vain the course that was pointed out him, he came back fatigued and breathless to the place from whence he set out, where he found neither his ani-mal nor the deceitful informer to whose care he had intrusted him. As he walked pensively onward, overwhelmed with shame, vexation, and disappointment, his attention was aroused by the loud complaints and lamentations of a poor man who sat by the side of a well. He turned out of the way to sympathize with a brother in affliction, recounted his own misfortunes, and the cause of that violent sorrow which seemed to op-

ess him. "Alas!" said the poor man, in the most piteous tone of voice, "as I was resting here to drink I dropped into the water a casket full of diamonds, which I was employed to carry to the caliph at Bag-dad; and I shall be put to death on the uspicion of having secreted so valuable treasure.'

Why do you not jump into the well in search of the casket?" cried the peas-ant, astonished at the stupidity of his new acquaintance. "Because it is deep," replied the man, "and I can neither dive swim. But will you undertake this ce for me, and I will reward

with thirty pieces of silver." The peasant accepted the offer with exultation, and, while he was putting off his cassock, vest, and slippers, poured out his soul in thanksgiving to the holy prophet for his providential succor. But the moment he plunged into the water in search of the pretended casket the man (who was one of the three rogues who had concerted the plan of robbing him) seized upon his ga and bore them off in security to his comrades

Thus, through inattention, simplicity, and credulity was the unfortunate Chaldean duped of his little possession and he hastened back to his cottage with no other covering than a tattered garment which he borrowed on the road.—Jewish Messenger.

The Boss Relic of Chickamauga While I was riding over the battle-field of Chickamauga I came to a cabin occupied by a negro family, and the man came out and wanted to dispose of some relics from the battlefield. He had some bullets, pieces of shells, or three old bayonets, and a cannon ball or two, but the relic of all relics was ar old scythe-blade, to which a rough wooden handle had been tied with sheep twine. "What do you call that?" I asked.

"Dat, sah, is what General Grant car-ried in dis yer fout, and I reckon he mowed down about fo' thousand rebels wid it."
"My friend, General Grant was not in this battle.

"He wasn't?" "No, sir. And no General or soldier of any grade ever carried such a weapon as that

"Dey didn't?"
"Of course not. Where did you get

'Picked it up in the field, sah.' "It looks as if you made it within "Look yere, sah, war you in dis

"War' you widin fifty miles of it?"

"Wall, I was right over to Abne Jackson's, not ten miles away, an' if I don't know what relics are, you can't larn me. Good-day, sah." But no General ever-"

"Good-day, sah! Pussons who ar werry, werry particular had better go long an' hunt up deir own relica. Chil-len, yo' watch dat white man till he gits beyan'de turnip patch!"-Detroit Free

"In South America," says the Toledo Blade, "the ladies smoke with and like the men." Here in North America the ladies are not in the habit of smoking with the men, but there's no doubt about their liking them.

Aunt Black (a negress to her little

son)—"Come right in yers now, you John Adams Washin'ton Lee, and wash

THE MARBLE STATUE

BY CECILIA K. GIBSON

eptember of the year 188-r Lady Clare, of the Royal bound from Southampton to the West Indies, bore upon her deck a curiously ogeneous mass of living freight. If assen, er list had been studied, it ld have disclosed representatives of nearly all nations, people and languages un-der heaven, from continental tourists and English officers and soldiers, with their wives, sweethearts, babies and lady's muds to Italian opera singers, German students, French civilians, suspicious looking Rus-French civilians, sians, native Haytians, Cubans and Barba dians, and American magnates returning to the "states" via the West Indies. Into this human amalgam, no matter how or wherefore, I found myself suddenly and unexpectedly plunged; but I soon entered mon the sitting process with exemplary patience and a degree of enjoyment that quite repaid me for my trouble, in bringing to my acquaintance many pleasant people from out that motley throng. One especially congenial, and with whom I afterwards spent many pleasurable hours, was as er in Her Majesty's service in Jamaica, who was making the return trip to rejoin his regiment, after a prolong ed leave of absence through the tropical ammer months, in the south of England Maj. Strickland was a handsome, compan nable, courteous gentleman, with keer dark eyes, iron-gray bair and mustache and military tread and bearing; a man of scholarly and social attainments, who had traveled extensively, always carrying the best of his experiences with him, which casionally for the delectation of his friends He was instructive, amusing, and appreci ative-a good talker, and a good listener. During our first days out we had suffere all the discouragements usually allotted to prostrate humanity under the combined

stress of boisterous weather, nausea, lassi ude and general leathing, but now that the skies were clearing and the steamer setting o steady business, we began to cast about for ways and means of beguiling the tedium of the long hours, for fifteen days run is apt to become monotonous without agreea-ble company.

And here Major Stickhand came to the

front in a true soldierly and charming manner, and we soon struck a bond of sympathy in reciprocal accounts of Stern alarums changed to merry meet

ings.

And dreadful marches to delightful meas-

One night, after an evening of music and games in the salon, we were smoking our final pipes on deck, enjoying the freshne and breeziness of an exhilirating run, and watching the vast masses of broken clouds scurrying across the face of the full moon like battallions of troopers hurrying to an engagement, while below the shadows chased each other over the white-capped sea until at last they mineled with the clouds and were lost in the distance, "marine reenforcements joining the colestial infantry. as the Major poetically expressed it. Our destination being the same seaport. Kines ton, Jamacia, our conversation drifted to the West Indies, upon which subject found my companion full of novel and interesting information from having made the tour of the islands many times. From Cuhan political disaffections we diverged by a natural process to San Domingo, touching upon the native attrocities, the hack-neyed but pathetic story of L. Toussaint, and the French occupation. And here the conversation took a more personal turn. Gen. Le Clere and his beautiful Corsicar bride, whose childish whims and inordinate vanity and extravagance caused the ruin of her lord, and the downfall of his ambitious usurpations, were the promptings to the following story, which the Major presently related:

"The most beautiful woman I ever saw. he said, "was the lady who made the trip to Jamaca by the same steamer with me, several years ago, the first time I went out I said she was the most beautiful woman 'I ever saw; but these words fell very far short of expressing the absolute loveliness of her face and form. She was an English woman of Irish decent, and commingied with the pure Celtic plood was the dark blood of Spain, which Philip II. scattered upon the Irish coast from a remnant of the Armada. She was somewhat above medium height, delicately slender, and in comparably fair, with cheeks flushed with health, like the warm, censuous bloom of a sleeping child. Her hair was blue-black, lustrous, and abundant; and her dark eyes seemed to baffle all curious glances. As readily could you hope to discipher a transcription by looking into wells of ink, as at. tempt to fathom her thought through the medium of those deep, mysterious eyes. She enchanted me with her beauty, which repelled while it fascinated; she seemed a living embodiment of all fair and dangerous women who had ever lived, and I always felt a peculiar exorcism in her pre-

"Were you married at that time, Major?"

"Married! A dozen years or more," he replied, with an amused smile at the question; "but my capacity for admiration is unbounded, and I never could look at a lovely woman unmoved; besides, this one interested me particularly. She possessed a versatility of talent that was something remarkable. We had had a very cold and stormy voyage, so much that we had been obliged to remain in the salon and find such pleasures as we could in mutual compan aship. Tableau vivants and amateur theatricals were resorted to in conseand in each and every roll assigned her the woman was surpassingly clever, showing herself an actress of no ordinary ability. Cleopatra Zenobia and Lucretia Borg were alike impersonated with fidelity and characteristic autitude. She was, besides beautful singer, but in the exercise of her talent was strangely capricious, some times responding to a request to sing with graceful readiness, at other times linging outright without pretext or apology. From a garrolous old woman who acc panied her, in the capacity of duenna, learned that she was the daughter of an impocunious sprig of nobility, Sir Edward Draper, and was going out to Jamaica to marry a young officer stationed there, to whom she had been engaged a long time out would make her temporary home, until her marriage, with an uncle, the rector of a sequent parish in the interior of the island. "I inquired if her uncle was one

passengers out. " 'Oh, no, sir; he is not aboard the steamer, but will meet us in Kingston when we

and.'
"'Who then is the tall, elderly gentleman with black hair, who is with her so "'You mean the man with a high fore heap, and hair like a lion's mane!"

"I assented.
" 'Oh, he is only an acquaintance Miss Isabella has made since we sailed; but he is quite a proper man, I assure you sir—a wealthy coffee planter, or something of the kind I am told."

ind I am told."

"For two or three days past I had noticed
a stout, foreign-looking gentleman paying
conspicuous attention to the young lady
but I gave the circumstance very little thought supposing him to be a relative or or guardian; but the information imparted to me raised a half suspicion of the girl's mo raised a half suspicion of my com-otives, whom, for the sake of my companion in arms, I resolved to watch closely What right had she to be coquetting with

Kingston with a bridegroom's ea and impatience: When I passed them on my way through the cabin I unconsciously flashed her an indignant glance which My Lady returned with interest, as she sud-denly ceased talking and looked me steadily and defiantly full in the face, her half-veiled eyes glowing with displeasure and resent-

ment until I was fairly past. " "Strange!" I thought that she should have noticed my mood; I did not inte make it rudely apparent. But then, I reflected, the old woman, her compan may have told her of my questioning, and doubtless feels justified in resenting ossible interference. But throughout the remainder of the trip the 'planter claimed her undivided attention, to the exclusion of everyone clse, which I thought augured unfavorably for the expectant

"When we finally arrived in port, and were come ashore, my attention was once more drawn to Miss Draper and her com panion, by the arrival of two gentlemen, in one of whom I instinctively recognized rector, and in the other an old East Indian comrade, Capt. Henry Lightner, whom had not seen for several years. I was delighted to see him and while at the sam noment he discovered me and came forward to greet me, I heard the young lady remark in a low tone to the clergy Not to-night, uncle I am sorry to disap point you, but am really far too weary indertake the long drive into the country so soon after landing. I shall remain at the Lake View House to-night, and you may send the coachman for me any time to morrow.' Then turning to Capt. Lightner, she laid her small well-gloved hand lightly on his arm and continued: 'As for you Harry, you had better return to the rectory with Uncle, and be his guest for the night, and I will follow in the morning'-

"Southeast,' he whispered reproachfully, would you deprive me of your company to night, after all these weary months of

"She hesitated, disconcerted, and I hought turned a triffe paic as she answer ed: 'Don't be absurd and tiresome, Harry but please do as I wish. I am really ill and exhausted from the journey, and quite un equal to company to-night. Go back with Uncle, and do not worry about me. I will rest comfortably in the hotel, and blosso out like a fresh-blown rose in the morning. "He pressed her hands sadty as he gave a reluctant consent, and after seeing her and her companion safely housed in the ho tel he entered the carriage with the clergy

man and was driven homeward. "I resolved to keep an espionage upon his affianced during the evening, but to my surprise heard it rumored that a marriage ceremony had been performed in the hotel reception room immediately after dinner, and that the bridal couple were about to start for their future home in the moun tains. The bride, it was said, was a vision of lovliness, and the bridegroom a planter of great wealth and vast estates. When they drove away into the bright moonlight night I stood on the veranda, and had no liffculty in recognizing my late companions a rowner, and then I fell to wondering how poor Harry Lightner would bear the treach erous blow. "Two months later I read in the Colonia

Record of the sudden death of the unfortunate bridegroom, who had bequeathed all his worldly possessions to his fair young

"Did you ever meet her again!" I asked as the Major paused and refilled his pipe which had burned low during the recital.

"Yes: I met her several times during the ensuing year, once in Spanish Town, once n Port Royal, and frequently in Kingston She dressed in widow's carb, and seemed teoply religious, driving long distances to attend service in the parish church, and reponding liberally to all clerical calls for local charities or missionary support. She was young, rich, and of course as beautiful as ever, and had Harry been in the country I should have greatly feared her influence over him. But fortunately he had been re called to England shortly after her marriage, and I doubt if he ever heard of he widowhood. In conformity with English custom, her mourning was at first black. out as black is a dress incongruous in the tropics she soon substituted pure white, or garb she was angelle. But strangely mough in all our meetings she never seemed to recognize or see me, though I several imes sat near her in church, so near, indeed, that I could hear her murmured plication, "Good Lord, deliver us," in the

Litany. "After a few months she disappeared mysteriously, and upon inquiry I could learn nothing of her except that she had gone to Trinidad on business. usiness was I never heard; but at the end of two years she suddenly reappered in Jamaica, as mysteriously and suddenly as she had vanished, with a new name, an augmented fortune, and in company with a sweet, womanly young girl, whom she introduced as her step daughter. It was then known that she had married a second insband at Trinidad, a widower with one child, who died within six months of their union, bequeathing an immense fortun equally to his wife and daughter, the latter's share to revert to a distant relative in case of her death.

"During their stay in Lexington I met her several times, but never without a thrill of admiration at her spirituelle be ty, which was enhanced a thousand fold by

ner asthetic dress and saintly demeanor. "After a few days in town they drove out to her former home in the interior, v for more than a year I lost all trace of her. until finally one day, in looking through the papers, I came across the announcement of her third matrimonial venture, the bridegroom this time being a man well known about town as a titled debi confess I was somewhat startled as well as disgusted at the number of alliances she was contracting, but was even more startwhen a fortnight later I read of the sudden death from heart disease of her latest ill-starred husband. "And now unsavory stories began to be

whispered about. It was said that her young step-daughter had ridden bare back into Kingston one night, through a flerce storm of wind and rain, and, between fright and sobs had confided to one of the ladies in the hotel that she believed her step-mother had dealt foully with her hus-band. It was asserted that he had died of heart disease, but on the night in question she had distinctly heard unearthly groans proceeding from their chamber, and after his death a dark blue mark had appeared around his throat, which gradually deepen ed until it became black. Her mother, in alarm, had redressed his neck with her own hands, tying a white slik handkerchief high up around his throat to conceal the baleful mark. But she had seen it and pointed it out to her, when she turne her a look of such malignity that it seemed as though she would strike her dead at he feet. She slunk in affright from the hated room, and once outside made all speed to mount a horse and ride for safety out into the night and storm, leaving the dreadful house with its unexplained horrors far be-hind. She had always feared her stepmother, whom she secretly suspected of treachery toward her father, and now she could not be induced to return to her pro-tection, but demanded an investigation by he authorities. Her request was gran the authorities. Her request was granted and an investigation ordered which resulted in the verdict of 'suicide,' the widow testifying that upon the night in question, her husband, who had been drinking deeply, suddenly arose from his bed and went into an upper chamber. Alarmal at his programted stay about the contracted stay and the contracted stay about the contracted stay about the contracted stay about the contracted stay and the contracted ed at his protrac

of the house, and there, to her unspea ble horror, found him hanging from a rafter in the roof dead. In an agony of grief and bewilderment she went to an old servant, the only one in the house at the time, who her to remove him to his own re hoping on account of the great love she hore him to be able to conceal his heavy crime that he might not be denied Christian burial. But her young step-daughter, who never loved her as a daughter should, because of her father's marriage, had discovered the mark on the throat of the dead man, and wickedly circulated the damaging story, without giving her son opportunity to ex-plain or refute the charges. This was her story, which was corroborated by the servant, and there, for lack of evidence, the

natter dropped. "The young girl who had caused the araignment was sent to a relative in England and when the epidemic of excitement had subsided a reaction took place in her favor which completely wiped out all stigms or suggestion of wrong-doing. The old life of religious devotion and fervor was reassured, her charities and alms were multiplied, pious ministrations and kindly offices were daily and hourly performed. The sick were visited; the poor cared for; the hungry fed; the needy clothed. The parish clergyman consulted with her; neighbors praised and blessed her; the very servants rendered her voluntary homage for her kindly acts and magnificent benefactions.

While the halo of grace surrounded her she announced her intention of building and endowing a chapel as a memorial to her late husband. She selected a beautiful design in church architecture and laid the plans before the rector of the parish for his commendation and approval. The parish church was old and in need of repairs; the living small and precarious, but must answer until the new chapel was completed and consecrated, when she would see that the endowment was sufficient and the living permanently secured. The site selected for the chapel was on one of her estates, high up in the mountains, facing a famous well traveled road, and overlooking a vale rich in tropical luxuriance. There the corner stone of the new church was duly laid, and then in course of time it was finished and endowed.

When completed it was pronounced a gem of architectural beauty by all who came to see it. Built in the form of a cross, with numerous pinacles and turrets rising high into the air, surmounted by gil ded crosses, it shone in the blazing tropical sun with a burnished glory that marked it conspicuously for miles around. Resting against the mountain side, embowered in a back ground of vines and foliage, it seemed to offer a retreat of rest and peacefulness to the weary and heavy laden. The inside of the church was finished in soild polished woods, with inlaid floors, marble front, stained glass windows, and a grand pipe organ; while the channel contained an al tar of finished marble, with carved panels representing scenes from the New nent, copied from the masterpieces of

The only unfinished feature in the work was a conspicuous niche in the wall which was reserved for a full-length statute of the beautiful woman whose voluntary off erings and prompt activity had designed and carried out the pious work. She had given the order to a famous sculptor in Rome, who was to have it carved out of whitest Carrara marble and sent out as oon as completed. The model for the statue was a full length painting of herself, faultless in face and form, which re produced in marble would immortalize her name and fame, and be a monument to her benificence when she had passed away.

"When the church was consecrated the statute had not yet arrived, and the unfin ished niche was decked with vines to hide its incompleteness "A few days after the impressive cere-

monies she announced her intention of visiting the 'States,' en route for England

and the Continent, where she expected to remain indefinitely, but before sailing gave orders for the raising of the statue, and the care of the chapel in her absence. A month later the return steamer brought the news of her death, and the chapel bell tolled her solemn requiem. She had died of fever on shiphogra and been sadly buried at sea. A few days afterward th from Rome, and was placed in the vacant niche reserved for it. The sculptor, knowing it was a work designed for a church, had with an artist's license, departed from the original model and constructed a draped figure of the beautiful woman in the pose o mediæval saint. The workmanship was of the most delicate and difficult pattern, but possessed a grace and tendernesss of outline that universally suggested antique works of art. The marble was of the whitest, without a fleck or flaw, the en tire face and form the perfection in detail of the exquisite being it was intended to The news spread like wildfire represent. through all the country round, and hundred of visitors now flocked to the chapel to view the wonderful statue. Old friends and neighbors turned as de to weep as they gazed upon the reproduction of the heaven-ly face in marble, recounting in subdued tones the kindly acts and saintly deeds she had performed. Even the little children gathered wildflowers from the mountain side and wove them into wreathes and gar-

lands to lay at the small white feet. "For three years the statue occupied its edestal in the chanel niche in pristine pur ty and beauty, and then, for the first time began to be noticed that a shade was appearing in the marble. The exquisite statue, heretofore unblemished, was gradually discoloring; the spotless marble was darken ing and deepening around the perfect neck. At first it was thought that a flaw had been etected, but a careful examination showed no cracks or blemish save the hideous dis gurement that still continued to spread. until at last a well-defined, lurid streak en circled the entire throat. In time the mark grew darker and more intense, and then a feature appeared in the imprint of a small-sized woman's hand, with livid, mur erous fingers clutching the once fair broat.

"The community beneld the miracle with horror and apprehension. The long-for-gotton stories were revived and rehearsed. Visitors and tourists once more througed the chapel aisles to gaze upon the supernat ural manifestation, shivering with fright and dread as they hurried down the moun tain path. The chapel was gradually de-serted and fell into disuse, worshippers earning to enter a sacred edifice desecrated

learning to enter a sacred culnice deserrated by an unhallowed image.

"But the endowment and emoluments continue. The chapel remains in the mountains almost hidden under a growth of vines and shrubbery, and the ghastly statue, with its tell tale stain growing darker and deeper every year, still occupies its accustomed niche in the wall, where it may be seen to day, an imperiabable monument to the many crimes of the implous but beautiful woman who raised it."

Lessons of Experience. Anxlous Mother-My son, that young ady you admire knows nothing about

nousework. Son-Well, mother, you know you

lon't either. "True, my son. Your father's brother, however, married a girl who

did, and the money she saved was inliving in a brown-stone palace "Oh, well, his fortune couldn't al have come from that."

"Maybe not, maybe not: but you father and I are living in a rented house and one of our old servant girls